Their deareſt action in the tented field,
And little of this great world can I ſpeake,
More then pertaines to feate of broyle, and battaile,
And therefore little ſhall I grace my cauſe,
In ſpeaking for my ſelfe; yet by your gracious patience,
I will a round vnarniſh'd tale deliuer,
Of my whole courſe of loue, what drugs, what charmes,
What coniuration, and what mighty Magicke,
(For ſuch proceedings am I charg'd withall:)
I wonne his daughter.

Bra. A maiden neuer bold of ſpirit,
So ſtill and quiet, that her motion
Bluſht at her ſelfe: and ſhe in ſpite of nature,
Of yeares, of Country, credit, euery thing,
To fall in loue with what ſhe fear'd to looke on?
It is a iudgement maimd, and moſt imperfect,
That will confeſſe perfection, ſo would erre
Againſt all rules of Nature, and muſt be driuen,
To finde out practiſes of cunning hell,
Why this ſhould be, I therefore vouch againe,
That with ſome mixtures powerfull ore the blood,
Or with ſome dram coniur'd to this effect,
He wrought vpon her.

Du. To youth this is no proofe,
Without more certaine and more ouert teſt,
Theſe are thin habits, and poore likelihoods,
Of moderne ſeemings, you preferre againſt him.

1 *Sena.* But *Othello* ſpeake,
Did you by indirect and forced courſes,
Subdue and poiſon this young maides affections?
Or came it by requeſt, and ſuch faire queſtion,
As ſoule to ſoule affoordeth?

Oth. I doe beſeech you,
Send for the Lady to the Sagittar,
And let her ſpeake of me before her father;
If you doe finde me foule in her report,
Not onely take away, but let your ſentence

Euen fall vpon my life.

Du. Fetch *Deſdemona* hither. *Exit two or three.*

Oth. Ancient conduct them, you beſt know the place;
And till ſhe come, as faithfull as to heauen,
So iuſtly to your graue eares I'le preſent,
How I did thriue in this faire Ladyes loue,
And ſhe in mine.

Du. Say it *Othello.*

Oth. Her Father loued me, oft inuited me,
Still queſtioned me the ſtory of my life,
From yeare to yeare, the battailes, ſeiges, fortunes
That I haue paſt:
I ran it through, euen from my boyiſh dayes,
Toth' very moment that he bade me tell it:
Wherein I ſpake of moſt diſaſtrous chances,
Of mooving accident of flood and field;
Of heire-breadth ſcapes ith imminent deadly breach;
Of being taken by the inſolent foe:
And ſold to ſlauery, and my redemption thence,
And with it all my trauells Hiſtorie;
Wherein of Antrees vaſt, and Deſerts idle,
Rough quarries, rocks and hils, whoſe heads touch heauen,
It was my hent to ſpeake, ſuch was the proceſſe:
And of the *Cannibals*, that each other eate;
The *Anthropophagie*, and men whoſe heads
Doe grow beneath their ſhoulders: this to heare,
Would *Deſdemona* ſeriouſly incline;
But ſtill the houſe affaires would draw her thence,
And euer as ſhe could with haſt diſpatch,
Shee'd come againe, and with a greedy eare
Deuoure vp my diſcourſe; which I obſeruing,
Tooke once a plyant houre, and found good meanes
To draw from her a prayer of earneſt heart,
That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,
Whereof by parcell ſhe had ſomething heard,
But not intentiuely, I did conſent,
And often did beguile her of her teares,